I'll Plant You A Cherry Blossom

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I'll Plant You A Cherry Blossom

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Hannibal may have helped put will in BSHCI, but that doesn't mean he isn't still courting him

Hannibal Bingo Prompt: The Tree Man Tableau

Notes

Latest installment on my @hannibalbingo card: The Tree Man Tableau

“You know, you don’t make this any easier.” Will scolded through the bars.

“In what way?” Hannibal asked, looking up from the pan where Councilman Sheldon Isley’s heart sizzled in Will’s mind.

Will’s look was as flat as his mood and he ignored the slight smirk pulling at the corner of his lover’s mouth. “You wanted to play this game, wanted to put me in here. I can’t exactly pretend I don’t know who you are, what you are.” Will paused and took a breath, exasperated but also starting to get a little hard. They had been playing this game for a while and it was forever escalating. Now he was in Chilton’s care only able to see his lover infrequently and fantasise that they were back together in Hannibal’s home. “I have to play along with Jack too, but I also don’t want you to go to prison, and some days those two things come into conflict.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” Hannibal offered, with no apparent sympathy as he turned the slices of heart over in the pan.

Will huffed a sigh and then resorted to what he knew would get under Hannibal’s skin. “I warned Jack that you’d be hosting a dinner party the next time the Ripper kills. And here we are.” He could almost smell the scent of the meat cooking.

“Here we are, indeed,” Hannibal drawled darkly, before looking back up at Will. “Sheldon’s heart will make a perfect dinner tonight.”

“Yes, but the rest of poor Mr Isley is in the fridge awaiting a dinner party,” Will accused, accurately he knew. He knew Hannibal better than anyone ever had or likely ever would. They knew each other intimately.

“You need to be more careful. At the moment I’m doing a very good job of convincing everyone that my accusations about you are wholly unfounded. We discussed this Hannibal, I was meant to throw them off the scent, give a way for you to clear your name. But then you do shit like this,” he gestured between the stove top and the fridge. “I can’t suddenly say I don’t think it’s you, but if you’re not careful, people will start to believe me.”

“Hmm,” Hannibal hummed his agreement but there was no remorse there. A slight tone of amusement if anything. “Tell me, Will, what is it you are seeing right now.”

For a moment the pendulum swung and the scene before him shifted from Hannibal in his kitchen to Hannibal outside the barred cage Will had been placed in for Hannibal’s visit. Just as quickly he was back in Hannibal’s kitchen.

Will’s voice was low and husky when he replied, “Back home, with you. You’re cooking his heart for me.”

“Yes, my love,” Hannibal agreed, taking a step towards Will.

“It’s ridiculous that you’re still trying to court me when I don’t even get to enjoy it,” Will said, “I appreciate it though, Hannibal.” Will’s voice dipped and Hannibal had to step right up to the bars to hear him. “I know you did it for me, you know how much I hated him for that woodland development deal.”

“I’m sure Jack showed you photos,” Hannibal crooned.

Will could feel Hannibal’s breath on his cheek.

“I’ve made friends here,” Will continued. “All recording equipment is currently down.”

“I’m not sure I could stop myself even if that were not the case,” Hannibal rumbled.

The scene was gone then, the kitchen dissolved into the BSHCI and the bars between them. That didn’t stop Hannibal sliding his hand forward and caressing Will’s crotch.

“I’ll get you out soon, my darling,” Hannibal promised. “I tire of this game.”

Will huffed a laugh, “You mean you miss me,” the words were gasped as he grew harder in Hannibal’s hand.

“Perhaps this game has gone a little far. I tire of it. I believe, where you are concerned, I’ve tired of all the games.”

“You tire of a cold bed,” Will pushed his crotch forward and Hannibal gripped him, squeezing him.

“When you’re released, Will, I think we must stop these manipulations before the consequences go beyond our control.”

Will chuckled, breathless, “Scared that I’ll best you? Perhaps I can convince Jack you are who you truly are.”

“Hmm,” Hannibal murmured again, squeezing Will even tighter before loosening his grip and taking advantage of the loose proportions of Will’s jumpsuit to get a firm hold on him and begin jerking his cock through the material. “I will admit that we are perhaps too evenly matched for this to end well.”

Will wanted to gloat but was too busy panting and trembling. He gripped hold of the bars as Hannibal stroked him. It was rough and imprecise, but just knowing that the same hand had killed Isley for him had Will close to climax.

“When I get out I’m going to ride you so hard,” Will promised, sweat peppering his brow as he shuddered and his knees weakened. It was all he could do to keep himself upright as Hannibal worked him. “You’re hard now, aren’t you? So hard for me. But you don’t get to have me until I’m back out there.”

“Fair terms,” Hannibal agreed.

Will let go of the bars and reached forward, he grabbed Hannibal's lapels and pulled him into a hungry kiss despite the cold metal pressing against his face.

A few more rough strokes and he was gasping and groaning into Hannibal's mouth as he spilled inside his jumpsuit. In that moment of climax they were back in the kitchen, where Will most wanted to be.

They panted together until coming back to reality.

"Next time you visit, I want to taste him on your tongue," Will growled next to Hannibal's ear before pushing his lover away.

"You shall," Hannibal agreed, "flavoured with the cherry blossom I planted for you."

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